

*Miserere mei Domine.*

A <sup>K</sup> <sup>11626 and</sup>  
**THOUGHT**  
UPON THE  
**LATTER DAY.**

Whereunto are annexed,

O F

*The time before Christs coming in the  
flesh;*

*The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin,  
and her Magnificat;*

*Our Saviours Incarnation and Birth;*

*The Relation of it by the Angell to the  
Shepherds;*

*The Circumcision of Christ, with the im-  
position of the name of J E S U S.*

Five Hymnes.

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. Y. for Ph. Nevill at the  
Gun in Ivie-Lane. 1638.

THE  
ENTIRE  
DAY



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Printed

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MEI  
DOMINE.

A  
THOUGHT  
UPON THE  
LATTER DAY.

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LONDON,  
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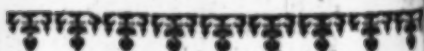


### The Argument.

The valley of<sup>s</sup> Jehoshophat  
Described is: the world hath<sup>16</sup> end  
By scorching flames. Christ after that  
Downe unto<sup>17</sup> judgement doth descend.

The trumpets sound<sup>18</sup> doth raise the dead;  
The thrones<sup>19</sup> are set; by Angels bright  
The good from<sup>20</sup> bad are sortred:  
The books laid<sup>21</sup> open bring all to light.

Heav'n for the godly is prepar'd;  
Hell is unjust mens just reward.



MISE





# MISERERE MEI DOMINE.

**A** Sleepe or wake, in dreame or trance;  
When soules be free, and bodies thrall;  
I cannot tell, but by some chance,  
Thus unto me it did befall.  
Me thought, (the thought doth me appall : )  
But 'gainst this feare, Lord, strengthen me,  
And now for help to thee I call,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

**Me** thought, I was (where was I trow ? )  
In a large place, more long then wide ;  
And it was deepe and lay full low :  
A huge high wall did on this side  
From a great Citie it divide.  
Whose buildings faire when I did see,  
How soule I seem'd ! then streight I ride,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

3  
On t'other side the farther bound,  
Did rise a mount, or prettie hill,  
With Palmes and Olive-trees around,  
Beset by cunning workmans skill.  
Their fruitfulnessse upbraids me still,  
I should of good so barren be;  
For which and all I have done ill;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

4  
Th'rowout the midst a streame did run,  
Whose shadie banks, as arbour there,  
Did promise shelter from the Sun,  
When he was mounted in his sphere:  
Whose waters cleere as Chrysell were:  
Yet could not cleanse one stain from me;  
But I am forc'd to crie for feare,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

5  
At the South point I saw a place,  
I never of the like heard tell  
On earth beside; it bare the face  
In all resemblance like to hell,  
Where Sprites and Fiends inhabit fell.  
Lord, of thy boundlesse charitie,  
That I with them may never dwell,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

6  
A hollow brazen Idoll stood,  
Betwene whose armes in cruell wise,  
Was shed poore harmelesse infants blood,  
By wicked strange unheard device.  
But grant me better sacrifice,  
Which I may offer, Lord, to thee  
With contrite heart and humble cries,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

*Miserere mei Domine.*

7

Like (somewhat) to *Perillus* bull,  
Save that in body 'twas a man,  
It of a Calfe had head and skull,  
Whereon a crowne was placed than;  
Under whose feet an iron pan,  
Much like a furnace I did see.  
Then I to thinke of thee began,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

8

Such flames the fire did upward send,  
The Idoll therewith red hot grew;  
Into the armes of cruell Fiend  
The parents then their children threw;  
What outcries fierce did thence ensue!  
From such embracements keep thou me;  
That no such kindnesse me accrue,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

9

What heart could at their cries but earne,  
Save such as were with iron sear'd?  
Which they with drums & trumpets stern  
Did seeke to drowne, and voyces rear'd;  
Enough to make the Fiends afeard.  
Such musick nothing pleaseth me;  
A thousand times 'tis better heard,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

10

So long I lookt, till I beheld  
The Idoll broke downe for the nonce;  
The place of a most pleasant field,  
A dunghill made of dead mens bones;  
What man is he such hap bemoane?  
But shew me, Lord, thy mercie free,  
Who crie to thee with piteous grones,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

A-5

I will

*Miserere mei Domine.*

11

I wist not all this while, what place  
 It was, wherein I then did stand;  
 Till looking neerer me a space,  
 I saw some sepulchers at hand,  
 And graves as thick as sea-shore sand,  
 And one did seeme prepar'd for me,  
 Untill my lesson I had scan'd,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

12

It strooke such terrour to my heart,  
 Not fully yet recovered,  
 I shooke and trembled everie part,  
 To see me so environed:  
 I seem'd my selfe as one halfe-dead;  
 Till I had made recourse to thee,  
 And prayed to be rid from dread,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

13

When then my sp'its returned were,  
 I cast in mind, how that it might  
 Some Church-yard be, appointed there,  
 Belonging to that Citie bright:  
 I ghesled so, and ghest aright.  
 I turn'd my thought, and said to thee,  
 Before I leave this present light,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

14

To strengthen this conceit of mine,  
 A famous Temple stately built,  
 Directly over it did shine,  
 With gates and towers richly gilt;  
 No cost thereon was counted spilt.  
 It Heav'n it selfe did seeme to be,  
 Whither bring me, as I hope, thou wilt,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

*Miserere mei Domine.*

15

And under it this vale did lye,  
Whereof it had the prospect cleare.  
The one was low, the other high,  
And did as fort and trench appeare.  
I in the trench could not come neare  
To scale the fort : which grant thou me,  
'And when I shall no more be here,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

16

Thus wondring at the things I saw,  
The objects faire before mine eyes ;  
Behind me stranger things did draw  
Mine eye-sight back ; I did surmise  
I saw a fearefull smoake arise.  
I turn'd about the cause to see,  
'Twas time, I think, to use my cries,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

17

My thought was true, but whence it came,  
I could not tell : And suddenly  
It burst into a hideous flame,  
Which over-run all by and by,  
And burned fierce in earth and skie.  
Lord, be thou gracious unto me,  
And when the world in flames shall fric,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

18

The aire with winds both fierce & strong,  
And mightie stormes tempestuous grew,  
Thunder and thunderbolts among ;  
And everie visage blacknesse drew,  
For feare of what should then ensue.  
But save thou, Lord, and shelter me ;  
And when these things shall thus be true,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

The

*Miserere mei Domine.*

19

The waves upon an heap did stand;  
The sea and floods did monsters send  
Of thousand shapes upon the land,  
Which such disasters did portend,  
As men were ey'n at their wits end:  
Before, o Lord, this day I see,  
Grant I my sinfull life may 'mend,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

20

The plagues of Egypt ten times told,  
Compar'd to this were nothing so,  
Which did exceed a thousand fold;  
More like to Sodom's overthrow,  
When Lot was forc'd from thence to goe.  
As thou didst him, deliver me;  
And when these dayes shall come of woe,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

21

The heav'n & earth were from their henge  
Dis-joynted quite out of their frame;  
Now that of sinners him to venge,  
The Lord in his great furie came:  
That neither did appeare the same.  
But put thy vengeance far from me;  
And guiltie though I be of blame,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

22

Ev'n as a clock, or hor'loge like,  
Which else doth keep his payes just,  
When th'howre is come for him to strike,  
Makes such a noyse, (and needs he must)  
As he from all his weights were thrust.  
Lord in that howre that I shall be  
Dissolv'd, and turned into dust,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

23

So now this world's last minute come,  
That his huge fabrick needs must break,  
Such hideous noyse did come him from,  
Thunder did to it seeme a creake.  
Lord, when I shall be sick and weake,  
Visit thou mine extremitie,  
And when I shall nor know, nor speake,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

24

The pow'rs of heav'n were shaken all,  
The Moone waxt red, as red as blood,  
The stars from out their spheres did fall;  
The Sun himselfe in dolefull mood  
All out of order dark'ned stood.  
When outward light I cannot see,  
The inward send which is more good;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

25

The lights of heav'n were quench'd and out;  
What light had they below here then?  
Such light they had, (better been without):  
A bright light fire did all things bren,  
Both works of nature and of men.  
When this great dismall day shall be,  
Which tongue cannot expresse nor pen,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

26

Kings houses and their treasures,  
With gold and silver richly fraught;  
In cinders now and ashes lie,  
Consum'd by fire. There was no ought,  
But by the flame was brought to nought.  
In thee then let my treasure be,  
And better lesson me be taught;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Tanner.

27

Townes, Cities, Forts, and Citadels;  
 Seeke stronger holds, the fire soone bids.  
 Colosses great, and all things els,  
 Huge Obelisks and Pyramids,  
 The rage of this fierce flame strait rids.  
 But that I, like the children three,  
 May be preserv'd the fire amidst,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

28

Nor herb, nor grasse, nor branch was left,  
 Nor orchard, garden, land, nor field;  
 All was of everie thing bereft;  
 Nor fruit, nor tree that fruit might yeild:  
 No speare for Souldier fierce to wield.  
 This onely did remaine from thee,  
 For me to use as speare and shield,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

29

Bird, beast, or cattell there was none,  
 No one thing that might serve for meat;  
 High time it was the world was done:  
 All were dissolved by this heat,  
 Into their elements, 'twas so great.  
 How then could I have scaped free;  
 But that to thee I made retreat,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

30

The world thus emptie quite and bare  
 Of her inhabitants did remaine:  
 Meanewhile another object rare  
 Mine eyes and thoughts did entertaine.  
 Before I see such sight againe,  
 As then me seem'd; Lord, first to me  
 To come in sp'it doe not refrain,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*



31

I saw one coming in the skie,  
A man he seem'd, and so he was,  
Clothed in robe of Majestie,  
Which did the snow for whitenesse passe:  
His feet were like to burning brasle.  
So terrible he seem'd to me,  
That downe I fell, and cri'd, Alas,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

32

His count'nance brighter then the Sun,  
Dazling my weak and feeble eyne,  
When he his Summer course doth run,  
In greater force and strength did shine.  
When thou thy Saints shalt purge & fine:  
Of all their drosse, then think on me,  
To make my body like as thine,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

33

Before him there an Angell bore  
A bloudie Crosse in Azure field;  
Disgracefull once, but now none more  
Renowned Ensigne borne on shield:  
Grant I may never weapon wield,  
But such as thou shalt give to me,  
And will, I hope, the conquest yeild,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

34

Upon his head a Crowne did sit,  
Resembling thornes, but 'twas of gold;  
Like scepter in his hand, as fit,  
A Souldiers speare. More might be told,  
But I no longer could behold.  
Make me hereafter thee to see,  
And when I leave this earthen mold,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

35

My sight was dimm'd, my hearing drown'd,  
 To heare a voyce sound in mine eare,  
 Which all my senses did confound,  
 And made my heart-strings burst for feare.  
 I pray'd and shed forth many a teare,  
 When that doth come in truth to be,  
 Which I did then conceive to heare,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

36

The voyce whether more loud or shrill,  
 I cannot tell for certaintie;  
 I heard it th'row the aire to thrill,  
 As if it would have rent the skie.  
 I fell downe flat, and presently  
 I cri'd, a stiller voice to me  
 Send, Lord, of mercie, ere I die,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

37

As when the Judges of Assise  
 Their circuit ride, when neere they come,  
 Where they in most unpartiall wise,  
 Offenders meane to judge and doome,  
 A trumpet doth proclaime their roome.  
 Shew kindnesse then, O Lord, to me;  
 And when thou spare nor Knight nor Groome,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

38

Such noyse, me thought, I then did heare,  
 But louder far than was the thundor,  
 An Angell seem'd with trumpet cleare,  
 Then to proclaime the worlds great wonder,  
 His comming who keeps Devils under.  
 Then lift I up my heart to thee;  
 When thou the sheepe and goats dost sunder,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

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When God at first did give the Law  
On Sinai-mount to Israel;  
The people then such thundring saw,  
That did their hearts subdue and quell;  
Thunder and lightning, trumpet tell,  
And mountaine smoaking: All to me  
Such lesson seem'd to teach full well,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

40

In manner as it first was given,  
The Law was then required so:  
Thundrings & lightnings seen from heav'n,  
And smooke; and trump heard loud to blow,  
To render sinners shame and woe.  
Then cri'd I, Lord, and said to thee,  
Sin and transgression keep me fro,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

41

The sound did many sounds beget,  
The vale with eccho's did rebound;  
As if ten thousand voyces met,  
It made the aire th'rowout resound,  
And pierc'd the cavernes under ground.  
O may I, when these things shall be,  
Pure in thy sight, and cleane be found,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

42

The tombs flew ope that instant then,  
The graves deliver'd up their dead;  
And carcases waxt living men,  
Whilst bodies joyned to their head,  
Drie bones with flesh were covered.  
From grave of sin first raise thou me,  
And when I lye in deaths dust bed,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Great

43

Great multitudes there suddenly,  
 Ere I was 'ware, about me stood;  
 A strangely mixed company,  
 Of whom some bad, and some were good;  
 Some joy'd, some rav'd as they were wood.  
 But grant me, Lord, thy mercie free  
 That I may crie in better mood,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

44

By this the Judge was now descended,  
 With troopes of Saints and Angels blest,  
 Thousands of thousands him attended,  
 To doe him their observance best.  
 When I am dead and laid to rest,  
 Then thinke, I pray thee, Lord, of me,  
 And grant to me this one request,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

45

Downe being come, there then was set  
 Over the mount a sumptuous throne,  
 More costly then of smoothest jet,  
 Of gold, of pearle, or pretious stone;  
 Which far away must glorious shone.  
 Lord, when thou in thy Majestie  
 Shalt come, then listen to my mouthe,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

46

At his right hand a little by  
 There sate a mother maiden Queene,  
 In fairest seat of Ivorie,  
 And she far fairer to be seene,  
 In golden vesture bright and sheene.  
 Thy righteousnessse impart to me,  
 Which is Saints clothing white & cleane,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

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Twelve

47

Twelve other thrones in order sit,  
Prepared there I did espy;  
Where so many Elders grave did sit:  
But one was voyd, and I askt why?  
'Twas said, for soule conspiracie.  
Lord, grant I never traytour be:  
For other faults before I dye,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

48

But for that one that emptie seem'd,  
In roome and stead thereof, addrest,  
With double recompence I deem'd  
Two others, like unto the rest,  
By Ancients twaine, as they, possesse.  
The meanest place, Lord, grant to me,  
It shall suffice, among the blest,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

49

Thrones there beside were many plac'd,  
Where Patriarks sate and Prophets old,  
Victorious Martyrs, Virgins chaste,  
And others more than could be told,  
That were in booke of life enrol'd.  
And one, I hope, prepar'd for me:  
Wherefore in mercie me behold,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

50

And now of those extinguisht lights,  
Which erst while shone in higher sphere,  
No misse was had; to all mens sights  
New firmament did brighter there,  
New Sun, new Moone, new Stars appeare,  
Shine, Sun of righteousnesse, on me,  
By glorie there, by grace-light here,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

Seate

§ 1

Seats, many else there were prepar'd,  
 To be possess'd by them alone,  
 Who meet were thought for such reward,  
 For all the blessed Saints each one;  
 To sit above in heav'nly throne.  
 'Mongst whom one seat I beg of thee,  
 That I may sit with them anon,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

§ 2

Meanwhile to their employment great,  
 The Angels did themselves betake,  
 'Twixt sheepe & goats, 'twixt tares and wheat,  
 (As them their Lord before bespake)  
 A separation just to make.  
 Amongst the sheep, Lord, number me,  
 And save me for thy mercie sake,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

§ 3

The just then straightwayes as the spark  
 From flame sent up, aloof did flie;  
 Or as the Eagle, or the Lark,  
 Or as the Angels, mounted high,  
 To meet their Saviour in the skie.  
 When this shall be, Lord, let not me  
 Be left behind; but when I crie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

§ 4

Where they their place at his right hand  
 Did take, appointed them before;  
 Whilst wicked men below did stand  
 To the left side, which made them sore  
 Lament their case, and loudly roare,  
 And weep and wail: But thou for me,  
 A better things, I hope, in store,  
*Ha Miserere mei Domine.*

Here

55

Here might I see amidst the throng  
Great Princes, Kings, and Emperours  
Without respect the rout among,  
Their Favourites and Ambassadors,  
Consuls, Prætextates, Senatours.  
But that my place may ever be  
Amongst thy heavenly Courtours,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

56

Their Scepters, Crownes, and Diadems,  
Their Benches, Seats, & Thrones of State,  
Their robes, their rich and costly gems,  
Their honours priz'd at too high rate,  
All subject to one common fate,  
Were fled and gone. Grant that to me,  
Which shall endure beyond all date,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

57

Judges, that erst were wont to sit,  
Now stood; and they that sentence gave  
Against delinquents, now were quit,  
Expecting like themselves to have,  
And nothing could that judgment wave.  
I am no Judge, yet just would be:  
Though for that I have nothing, save  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

58

One there amongst the rest I spi'd,  
His case was not, as it was, when  
He judg'd his Judge: So close he hid,  
I could not say, Behold the man:  
He wrung his hands, that wash't them than,  
The sight of him dismayed me;  
But I will on as I began,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

59

Not far I saw a lucklesse crue  
 Of wretched miscreant Traytors bold;  
 Who some their Masters out-right slue,  
 And some them to their deaths had sold,  
 With plots contriv'd a thousand-fold.  
 Of their bad counsels let not me  
 Partake, but still as ev'r of old,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

60

A caitife wretch was first ywis,  
 His neck stood tite, as 't had been broke:  
 Sweet slov'nly mouth he had to kisse;  
 But neck far fitter for the yoke:  
 A halter 'twas that did him choke.  
 'Twas he betray'd thee, Lord; yet he  
 Had pardon'd been, had he but spoke,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

61

Next to these Traytors suting best,  
 A rout of cruell murderers stood,  
 Who inhumanely most unblest,  
 Unkindly and unnat'rall brood,  
 Embrew'd their wicked hands in blood.  
 From sins as these still keep me free,  
 And though I be not perfect good,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

62

'Mongst these the first was one, that had  
 His righteous brother slaine: and why?  
 Th'ones offering good, and his was bad.  
 A mark he had to know him by,  
 He shooke and trembled fearefully.  
 When offered 'twas, yet had not he  
 The grace, which I now beg, to crie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

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63

To think what numbers there were then,  
Of lyars, theeves, adulterers,  
Proud, covetous, envious, angrie men,  
Gluttons; and drunkards, idellers,  
Turks, Pagans, and Idolaters,  
And thousands mo: It makes me flee,  
To pray 'mongst thy true worshippers,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

64

And Christians too, (too great a store)  
Of Hereticks and Hypocrites,  
And secret Atheists many more,  
Vow-breaking Monks and Anchorites,  
And Judaizing Hermaphrodites.  
When these appeare for all to see,  
(Which their deserving well requites)  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

65

The Judge began now to proceed,  
The books were ope, the rolls were spread,  
And everie word and evill deed,  
And everie thought examined,  
According to the things there read.  
Grant me in mine account to thee,  
That I may, Lord, be better sped;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

66

The summons made, there first came in  
An ugly creature, monstrous, vile;  
Of no one shape, made up of sin,  
Who *Proteus*-like with cunning wile,  
'Did at his pleasure all beguile.  
But that he doe not cozen me,  
And wickedly my soule defile,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Sometime

67

Sometime a Serpent, Dragon fell;  
 Sometime he seem'd a Lyon stout;  
 Sometime an Angell, but from hell;  
 And sometime lightning, quickly out:  
 Such thousand shapes he bore about.  
 But thine owne image grant to me,  
 That I may never be without,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

68

His shape was now a shapelesse fiend,  
 Ready with his rude griping pawes,  
 All that he met to teare and rend,  
 And to deuoure with open jawes:  
 Who never feared God, ne lawes.  
 But that I not in danger be,  
 Of his sharp, cruell, renting clawes,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

69

An Angell led him in a chaine  
 Of massie, huge and pond'rous weight:  
 And after him an ugly traine  
 Of beastly sprites that follow'd straight;  
 Monstrous they were in length and height.  
 Let not their fiercenesse trouble me,  
 But thou for all their devillish sleight,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

70

Presented there before the Throne,  
 In sight of Heavens high Majestie;  
 They were arraigned one by one,  
 Of no lighter conspiracie,  
 Than treason 'gainst their Sovereigne high.  
 But let me false, Lord, never be  
 To King or thee; but graciously  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

9

71

Endite ment read was streight confest,  
(Too plaine it was to be deni'd)  
Yet yet there was one finall request,  
They said they had before they di'd:  
Strange thing for such as God deni'd:  
Then Devils dare thus beg of thee,  
How may I hope, when I have cri'd,

*Misere mei Domine.*

72

In spite they did desire so long,  
As they him doe some service might.  
Here was, they said, there in the throng,  
Whom they desir'd to bring to light,  
One, as themselves, as wicked wight.  
O Lord, from such deliver me,  
Who 'scuse themselves by railing spight,

*Misere mei Domine.*

73

In spite they cri'd, and 'twas for spight,  
'Twas not for love to justice lore,  
Or God, nor goodnesse, nor good right,  
But for the hate they mankind bore,  
Whom they perverted had before.  
Let their false words shall not hurt me,  
If I doe crie, and nere give ore,

*Misere mei Domine.*

74

Their boone with vantage granted was,  
Both to accuse and to torment,  
Such as in judgement could not passe,  
Nor be of crime found innocent.  
And to their busines streight they went.  
O this boone grant thou, Lord, to me,  
That they have not their mischiefes bent.

*Misere mei Domine.*

B

Then

75

Then to't they went with fierce assaile,  
 To gaine the fort already won;  
 Striving with might and maine availe,  
 To get the field, the bartell done;  
 Accuse or not, in point all's one:  
 Th'accused could not light worse be;  
 Such desp'rate case that I may shun,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

76

'Tis not sufficient to accuse:  
 If 'twere, who then could guiltles prove?  
 Their mind is greater to abuse,  
 Whom they from goodnes cannot move,  
 Who God doe constant feare and love.  
 That they no malice have to me,  
 My heart on this let fix above,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

77

Then all was just as nothing done,  
 The matter had such exigence  
 It was come round, where it begun.  
 Unto the books was reference,  
 As to the surest evidence.  
 Lord, since my triall there shall be,  
 Let me find thy munificence,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

78

Nought there was hidden, nought conceal'd  
 From his all-piercing, searching eye;  
 But all and ev'rie thing reveal'd,  
 And manifested openly:  
 (The good, the bad he doth espie.)  
 Grant me therefore my conscience free,  
 And when thou comm'st my heart to trie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

79

The Saints their good deeds there had showne ;  
Their almes, which not their left hand knew ;  
Their fasts, their pray'rs, all were made knowne,  
Unto the common, publike view.

O let me still my best deeds rue,  
That I may not their trumpet be,  
But still for mercie to thee sue,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

80

Th'ungodly all they had done nought,  
Their wicked, strange hypocrisies ;  
All unto light was then forth brought,  
Their fained friendship, and their lies,  
With thousand devillish subtilties.

Lord, let my sins be knowne to me,  
But not in judgement 'gainst me rise.

*Miserere mei Domine.*

81

It was no boot then to refuse,  
To plead delay, or make defence,  
There could not be for to accuse.  
A fairer, stronger evidence,  
Then of their owne bad conscience.

But I will take this for my plea,  
Before that I doe goe from hence,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

82

Their conscience, which as copie tane  
From Gods owne book, his hand and deed  
Was its true perfect counterpane,  
So plaine, one might it running read.  
O that my booke with thine agreed!  
To keep true score, that I might free  
Lament my sins, and crie at need,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

B 2

Such

83

Such accusation then was laid,  
 Such witness their own conscience gave;  
 As that they nought at all gaine-said,  
 Yet could they not for mercie crave;  
 The time was past, the time to save.  
 O let it not be so with me;  
 A Psalm of mercie let me have,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

84

What now remain'd, but things appearing,  
 As then they did, so cleare and plaine;  
 What needed there a farther hearing?  
 When pri'sners do themselves arraigne,  
 How can the Judge his doome reſtaine?  
 And yet thou wilt. So mought it be,  
 And when I judge my ſelfe to paine,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

85

No more adoe, to ſentence then  
 The Judge prepar'd, and hi'd him faſt.  
 But joying more in ſaving men,  
 Than puniſhing for what is paſt,  
 Abſolv'd at firſt, condemn'd at laſt.  
 That I before too late it be,  
 Me on thy ſaving mercie caſt,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

86

Fiſt looking his right hand toward,  
 He cheerefully them there beſpake;  
 Receive, for you long ſince prepar'd,  
 Heavens Kingdome to my Fathers ſake;  
 Come and poſſeſſion ſtreightway take.  
 What hope of this have I (aye me!)  
 But hereof my beſt friend to make,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

87

Then instantly as earnest giv'n,  
They each receiv'd upon their head,  
A crowne provided them from Heav'n,  
By Gods appointment garnished,  
And now by Angels ministring.  
A glorious sight it was to see,  
It made me most for get my read,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

88

Beside which crownes were to be scene,  
On Preachers, Martyrs, Virgins chaste,  
Of Olive, Palme, and Lawrell greene,  
Garlands bestowed, wreathed fast,  
Which were for ev'r and aye to last.  
O when wilt thou bestow on me  
Such things? I hope there's no time past,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

89

Then streight they tooke with one accord,  
Both crownes & garlands, as was meet;  
And to doe honour to their Lord,  
Themselves and them cast at his feet:  
They sung withall (ô heav'nly sweet!)  
Such singing futes not well with me,  
Who crie with grieve and great regret,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

90

Their song, thanks, praise, and glorie were,  
Unto the Lamb upon the Throne:  
Who by his blood from everie where,  
Had them redeem'd from grieve and mone,  
And made them Kings and Priests each one,  
To reigne with him in jollitie;  
Whilst I must sing another tone,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

B 3

This

91

This done, th' assum'd their crownes agen,  
 And by the Angels ministrerie,  
 Forthwith unto their seats were then  
 Brought, in a read'nesse-plac'd there by,  
 To joyne in judgement speedily,  
 'Gainst wicked men. And why not me?  
 But that I have a remedie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

92

Then turning to his left about,  
 The Judge to them began to say;  
 Depart from me, yee cursed rout,  
 Into that fire which burneth aye,  
 Where Devils and Sp'rits torment you may.  
 But speake thou wilt not so to me,  
 Whilst I erie still, Alas a day,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

93

What hideous outcries then were made,  
 What howling, shrieking, fearfull noyse,  
 When they condemn'd to hellish shade,  
 Lost all their hope of heav'nly joyes,  
 So vainly chang'd for earthly toys?  
 O let them never work with me,  
 So pow'rfull, as to counterpoyse  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

94

But all in vaine they wept and wail'd,  
 It was no boot now to lament,  
 The time was past, that might avail'd,  
 If they had tane it to repent,  
 And of their follies to relent.  
 More early sorrowes grant thou me,  
 That I may erie, ere time be spent,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*



95

The sentence thus pronounc'd, it was  
To execution streightwayes put.  
The earth grew wide, and gap't, like as  
Into two parts it had beene cut,  
And streight her mouth upon them shut.  
Lord, be thou mercifull to me,  
For I have nought against this, but  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

96

The fire, the smoake, the stench of pitch,  
And sulphur strong, which issu'd thence,  
The whilst lay ope that burning ditch,  
Hath wrought in me so feeling sense  
Of thy fierce wrath, I ne're from hence,  
Though I a wretched sinner be,  
Will stint my prayer to commence,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

97

Meanwhile the Judge from his high throne,  
Tribunall seat of majestie,  
Was risen, and to Heaven gone,  
With his triumphant company  
Of Saints and Angels gloriously.  
And I, I hope, shall after thee,  
Though I be forc'd awhile to cry,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

98

Heav'n gates to them did open stand,  
As they in solemn order pac'd;  
Where he at his Fathers right hand,  
And they at his their seats had plac'd:  
Poore mortall men were ne're so grac'd.  
Such grace when wilt thou shew to me?  
Till I such favour have embrac'd,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

B 4

Their

99

Their heavenly procession,  
 With musick streines beyond compare,  
 And all the ceremonies done  
 Thereto belonging, strange and rare;  
 Heav'n gates are shut, & there they are.  
 But I am here, and like to be,  
 Till Allelujah make me spare,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

100

My dremme, (or what I may it call)  
 Was done, and all was but a thought;  
 My soule return'd againe to thrall,  
 To bondage of a carkasse brought.  
 Though fancies be but things of nought,  
 This would not so accounted be:  
 But had in mind, as still it ought,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

OF  
THE TIME BE-  
fore CHRIST'S com-  
ming in the Flesh,

<sup>2</sup>  
The Annunciation of the  
Blessed Virgin, and her  
*Magnificat.*

<sup>3</sup>  
Our Saviours Incarnation,  
and Birth.

<sup>4</sup>  
The Relation of it by the  
Angell to the Shepherds.

<sup>5</sup>  
The Circumcision of CHRIST,  
with the imposition of the  
name of JESUS.

---

Five Hymnes.

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THE TIME BE-  
fore CHRIST'S com-  
ming in the Flesh.

---

*Hymn I.*

---

1  
**O** Blessed, glorious Trinitie,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit divine,  
Of persons three sweet harmonie,  
One God in sacred threefold twine:

2  
Thou of thy bountie liberall,  
Thy goodnesse to communicate,  
Didst heav'n and earth, the sea and all  
That therein is, at first create.

3  
But chiefly man above the rest,  
With speciall grace thou hast endu'd;  
And of thy creatures mad'st him best,  
After thine owne similitude.

4

In strength, wit, grace illumining;  
 'Gainst weaknesse, sin, and ignorance,  
 Thou mad'st him Angell, Saint and King;  
 So highly thou didst him advance.

5

A garden thou hadst made before,  
 Garden of pleasure and delight:  
 Where thou didst put him, midst all store  
 Of things to please eare, taste, and sight.

6

All things thou didst him there afford,  
 One tree excepted, that amid  
 The rest did grow, which thine owne word  
 To tast or touch did him forbid.

7

Man, thanklesse man, by Serpents slight  
 His Makers Law did soone transgresse;  
 But God, who all things by his might  
 Can doe, cannot be mercilesse.

8

God had for sin deathis doome decreed,  
 Death and damnation, hell and all;  
 But promise of the blessed seed  
 Doth man to hope of life recall.

Which

9

Which hope of lifes recoverie,  
Did all the holy Saints sustaine,  
Till Christ appearing from on high,  
Did what was lost in flesh regaine.

10

Five ages of the world were spent,  
From *Abel* iust to holy *John*,  
When Christ to free us that were sheat,  
From Heaven came to us anon.

11

Come blessed Saviour, once againe,  
Thou that in person cam'st before,  
Come eftsfoones by thy Spirit, to raigne  
In our poore hearts for evermore.

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# Of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, and her *Magnificat*.

## *Hymne I. I.*

1

CREATOR Lord of earth and Heaven,  
That do'st fraile mans decayes renew,  
Who of our sins hast us bereaven,  
And punishment unto them due;  
To thee all praise and thanks be given,  
Throwout all ages to ensue.

2

Out of thy loves abundance great,  
Which thou to wretched man hast borne,  
Thou wouldest from thy heav'nly seat  
Come down to help poore soules forlorne:  
To help us still, we thee entreat,  
O gracious Lord, take thou no scorne.

3

When we to thee were enemies,  
And death had fully on us seiz'd,  
Making of us his spoyle and prize,  
To rescue us thou then wert pleas'd:  
Gainst all our sins enormities,  
Thy Fathers wrath thou hast appeas'd.

When

4

When thou upon our miserie,  
From thy supernall Throne above,  
Diddest vouchsafe to cast an eye,  
It did in thee compassion move:  
Thy bowels yearned speedily,  
To make expreſſion of thy love.

5

And when the threed of time was ſpun,  
Thereto appointed long before,  
Thou like unto the morning Sun,  
(As Prophets had foretold of yore,) Thy heavenly race on earth didſt run,  
And now do'ſt raigne for evermore.

6

Both God and man thou didſt appeare,  
In garment clad of mans weake nature;  
God, verie God, the Fathers Peere,  
Man, verie man, in ſervile feature;  
By birth from heav'n Gods Son moſt deere,  
By birth on earth a humane creature.

7

Humilitie, like never ſcene!  
The Son of God ſo borne ſhould be,  
Of neither Emperreſſe, nor of Queene,  
But of poore Maid of low degree!  
Poore Maid espous'd to one as meane,  
A Carpenter, as poore as thee.

Yet Ma  
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Hath not  
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8

Yet Maid she was, true *Vestal* chaste,  
Who blew the coale on sacred hearth,  
Th'row ages she to come and past,  
Hath not her like in heav'n nor earth;  
Virgin at first, virgin at last,  
Before, and in, and after birth.

9

She kindly was from highest place,  
By mouth of winged *Gabriel*,  
Saluted, *Haile*, & full of grace,  
*Mary*, the Lord doth greet thee well.  
His errand was, what heavenly race  
Should from her spring, her newes to tell.

10

Great Messenger and message both,  
Embassadour in light arraid;  
A contract he of marriage doth  
Treat 'twixt his Lord and this poore Maid;  
She gives consent, and plights her troth,  
Be it to me, as thou hast said.

11

Twice thus espous'd, to *Joseph* here  
On earth, above to heavens King,  
With doubled joyes let us draw neere,  
And heare her selfe her *Bridall* sing:  
Whereto let the Celestiall Queere  
Joyne to her voyce and heavenly string.

*Magnificat.*

**M**Y soule, my heart,  
 And ev'ry part,  
 Unto my Lord doth praises powre;  
 My flesh, my spright,  
 Hath leapt outright,  
 For joy in God my Saviour.

With all respect  
 He did reflect  
 Upon his hand maids lowliness;  
 And nations all  
 Me henceforth shall  
 From age to age for ever blest.

The Lord of might,  
 In all mens sight,  
 Hath done me many a marvellous thing;  
 Unto his name,  
 I for the same,  
 Will Holy, Holy, Holy sing.

Those that him feare,  
 And low them beare,  
 He mercie shewes and ever shall;  
 His arme is strong,  
 'Gainst proud mens wrong.  
 Their wicked plott to scatter all.

5

The mightie ones  
From their high thrones  
He hath put down, and made them groomst  
The humble he  
Of low degree  
Exalted hath, to take their roomes,

6

He doth and will  
The hungry fill  
With all things that their need requires:  
The rich and such,  
As have had much,  
He frustrates all of their desires,

7

He Israel  
Hath holpen well,  
Of his abounding mercies store:  
To *Abraham*, as  
His promise was,  
And to his seed for evermore.

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# Of the Incarnation and Birth of Christ.

## Hymne III.

**W**Hat call we that relation  
 Betwixt two parties, one and th'other,  
 Where one begotten lawfull son  
 Calls him his father, her his mother?  
 What call we them? I no'ther see,  
 But Spouse and Husband they must be.

Ev'n such is *Mari*, Virgin blest,  
 Her Son is Gods, Gods Son is hers:  
 What is she then, make up the rest,  
 Who in her womb Gods Son thus beares?  
 What can she be but Gods Belov'd,  
 His Deare, his Spouse, by him approv'd.

Referred thus unto them both  
 To Son and Father severall,  
 By Father, yet no breach of troth,  
 She mother was not made at all,  
 But by the Sp'rit: Such riddles told  
 There's nothing can but faith unfold.

By

By Holy Ghost enlightened  
 With grace before ; (and grace is light : )  
 She's now by Him ore-shadowed,  
 (Shadow to us as dark as night.)  
 Such mysteries be mists, and wee  
 May grope in them, but cannot see.

Ore-shadow'd by the Holy Ghost,  
 She doth within her him conceive,  
 Who came to save that which was lost,  
 In whom all people should believe ;  
 The womans blessed promis'd seed,  
 Which Serpents head should make to bleed.

The Fathers hope, and childrens joy,  
 The Son of God, Lifes fountaine-spring,  
 Desire of Angels, Fiends annoy,  
 The worlds Creator, Heavens King,  
 Earths Ransomer, Hels Conquerour,  
*Jesus*, our Lord and Saviour.

She him conceiv'd within her womb,  
 Where He alive for nine mon'ths space,  
 Lay buried in that living tomb,  
 Shut up from sight of all men's face :  
 His limbs, as other childrens, made  
 In that close prisons darkeſt shade.



8

What wonderfull strange thing is this ?  
He whom the Heav'ns cannot containe,  
In so scant roome contented is,  
His greatnesse thus for to reſtraine :  
And he that all the world did make,  
Doth from a ſpan beginning take.

9

To what, O Lord, didſt thou deſcend,  
That we in thought ſhould not aſpire ?  
Nor did thy lowlineſſe here end,  
Thou wilt be low'r, ere thou be higher.  
That little roome, thou haſt before  
Thou wantedſt too, when thou waſt bore.

10

Children would cradles at their birth  
Provided have, houſe-roome at leaſt :  
Thou, who art Lord of heav'n and earth,  
As if thou haſt been but a beaſt,  
In ſtall waſt borne, 'twixt Oxe and Aſſe,  
Where cradle cratch, ſtraw pillow was.

11

What ailes yee, O yee curſed Jewes ?  
What blindneſſe doth your ſoules poſſeſſe ?  
Yee trav'ling gueſts, if Hoſt reſuſe,  
Why yet are yee ſo pitileſſe,  
Not to afford your roome and place,  
To helpleſſe ſoules in ſuch a caſe ?

En:

12

But guests and host are both alike,  
 They know their case, but let it passe;  
 No pitie their hard hearts doth strike,  
 Carelesse they are of what he was,  
 Carelesse and grossely ignorant  
 Of mother both and her infant.

13

Had they him well but halfly knowne,  
 King *David*'s heire for to have beene,  
 They would have given him his owne,  
 The Towne and Kingdome both, I weene,  
 And paid their tax to Him, as due  
 To none but Him, their Leige-Lord true.

14

But had they knowne Him, as they should,  
 Not *David*'s heire, but Heire of Heav'n,  
 A better tribute sure they would,  
 Than gold or silver Him have given;  
 Their soules, their hearts, their mind and spirit,  
 Best Kingdome for him to inherit.

15

But why, Lord, didst thou suffer this,  
 Thy selfe such out-cast made to be,  
 As if thou couldst no other wise?  
 But 'twas not lack of pow'r in thee:  
 Thy pow'r was greater than it seem'd,  
 Or could by tender limbs be deem'd.

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16

Thou diddest it because thou wouldest,  
It was thy will did rule thy pow'r:  
'Twas no necessitie thou shouldest  
Be so base borne: Thy lives first houre  
Gives us example, what to do,  
Be like thee poore, and humble too,

17

What shame is it, O Lord, for us  
To brag and boast of pedigree,  
When thou, the sonne of God, didst thus  
Thy off-spring hide, that none did see?  
When servants ride and Lords goe by,  
'Tis time to cry out, shame, sic, sic.

18

Yet so it is, we buildings reare,  
And roomes contrive for this and that;  
Some for our businesse here and there,  
Some for delight to talk and chat:  
And still we think our selves behind,  
If all things sute not to our mind.

19

No place here, nor stately hold,  
But stall, not fit for man but beast;  
No hangings here nor cloth of gold,  
But Spiders webs, like to the rest;  
No feather-beds, but straw, and hay;  
Learne hence and be asham'd, I say.

C

Learne

20

Learne one thing more: 'Tis not the place,  
 But sin, that God dislikes, nought els:  
 The poore in sp'rit are rich in grace;  
 No place is bad, where goodnesse dwels:  
 Which makes the dunghill, where *Job* lies,  
 Most acceptable in his eyes.

21

Learne to be thankfull to him too,  
 Who this hath done all for our sake;  
 Who what none els could for us doe,  
 Himselfe alone did undertake;  
 That he might expiate thus our pride,  
 And all our sins what ere beside.

22

O sacred, sweetest Infancie,  
 Though thus by mortall men despis'd!  
 O glorious, richest povertie,  
 Though strangely to the world disguis'd!  
 O that we children so could bee,  
 And poorer than the poor it we see.

23

To both he hath the promise given,  
 To children small, and poore in spirit:  
 Theirs is the Kingdome, crowne of heaven,  
 For everlasting to inherit:  
 O make us children, make us poore,  
 That blest we may be evermore.

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# Of the Relation of the birth of Christ by the Angell to the Shepherds.

## *Hymne IV.*

I

[IN depth of winter, and in dead of night,  
(Cold, comfortlesse, sad, melancholly tide)  
When Sun, estranged farthest out of sight,  
Yielding nor light, nor heat, his face did hide;  
(Time like to place;) then was our Saviour borne  
Of heav'n and earth forsaken and forlorne.

2

Yet not of heav'n forsaken, though of earth;  
'Twas not of him the Sun ashamed was;  
'Twas mans unkindnesse at his Makers birth,  
That of the Son of God so light did passe:  
As afterward he was in stranger fashion,  
When noone was turn'd to mid-night at his passion.

3

The Sun was farthest absent then indeed,  
When this spirituall Sun did first arise:  
Oft have I heard, and it for truth agreed,  
We're yet appear'd two Suns unto our eyes:  
The Sun of purpose him retir'd a space,  
Knowing a greater now was come in place.

C 2

The

The Sunne now hides farre underneath the ground,  
 But Angels do from heav'n on him descend:  
 In heavie sleepe both man and beast Iye drown'd,  
 Yet Shepherds some by night their flock attend.  
 Shepherds, poore shepherds, wakefull, painfull true;  
They have no cause their waking paines to rue.

## 5

Whiles they their tender lambs doe succour yield,  
 Which newly fallen, were now from the dam,  
 Tidings to them is brought in open field,  
 That there hard-by was fall'n a tender Lamb;  
 True Lamb of God, that thence should take away  
 The worlds soule sins, and their great ransome pay.

## 6

A Messenger from heav'n (with glory bright,  
 Brighter than is the Sunne in brightest ray,  
 Surrounding them in this dead time of night,  
 Shining a hundred fold more light than day;) )  
 Comes on them, which doth thepherds fore appall,  
 Till Angels words their spirits doe recall.

## 7

Feare not, quoth he; (there is no cause of feare)  
 The tydings I you bring, are nought but good;  
 Tidings of joy, great joy, that never care  
 Of man hath heard, or heart hath understood;  
 Joy as extensive, as the world is wide,  
 To you and to all people else beside.

8

For now this day, this houre, to you and them,  
Is borne into the world not farre from hence,  
Er'n here in Davids Citie Bethlehems,  
He that the world must save from their offence;  
Christ, the Messia, Lord of earth and heav'n:  
To you a childe is borne, a Sonne is given.

9

And that of this, I speake, you make no doubt,  
As if I should unto you leasing tell,  
This shall your token be to finde him out,  
When I am gone, marke it, and marke it well:  
The Babe in swadling clothes you wrapped shall  
Finde in a manger, laid in Oxes stall.

10

Which said, the heav'nly winged Messenger,  
As light as Lark, mounts chaunting to the skie:  
Yee not so high but Shepherds might him heare,  
Him and his fellowes sacred companie:  
Legions of Angels do their praises sing  
Unto their God, unto their heavenly King.

11

Glorie to God above,  
In highest heaven;  
Peace here below and love  
To men be given;  
Men of good will,  
Peace be their meed on earth;  
To God be still,  
Praise for this heavenly birth.

C 3

No

12

No more were they heard sing, though more they  
 They are to heav'n ascended back againe; (might)  
 Quite out of Shepherds hearing, out of sight,  
 Who here below astonisht doe remaine:  
 They at the newes and musick all amaz'd,  
 A while one on another strangely gaz'd.

13

At last unsealing their long silence kept,  
 Why stand we here, among themselves they say?  
 We might by this have unto *Bethl'hem* stept,  
 And seene the thing that's come to passe to day:  
 Which God by message from his sacred Throne,  
 Hath unto us, poore Shepherds, thus made knowne.

14

No more adoe; they streightway hie them fast  
 To *Bethl'hem*, where they search for him doe make;  
 And by enquirie they are come at last,  
 Where they have found him, as the Angell spake;  
*Marie*, and *Ioseph*, and this *Infant* stranger,  
 Well entertain'd, no doubt, laid in a manger.

15

To find one poore Lamb out, th'have left their flock,  
 And whole estate; they take thereof no keepe:  
 Ninetic and nine, if such were poore mens stock,  
 They leave to seek one poore lost straggling sheepe:  
 Such did he seeme; but they the stragglers were,  
 Till they had found him, their true Shepherd there.  
 Whom



16

Whom having found in all points, as before  
The Angell had them told they should him find,  
They in their minds aggrieved were full sore,  
That his owne people should be so unkind,  
No better entertainment him to give,  
By whom themselves and all men els doe live.

17

Seeing them thus, the Mother and the Son  
Of all things needfull unprovided quite,  
With seemly courtesie they them anon  
Unto their Shepherds cottage doe invite:  
Our home, they say, though homely it appeare,  
Is not so lothly as this dunghill here.

18

The Maiden-mother mildly thus repli'd;  
No, Shepherds, no, *Beth'lem* must yet a space  
Be troubled with us; here we must abide,  
Till God doe license us for other place:  
So sadly did she speake, her selfe excusing,  
Their kindnesse nor accepting, nor refusing.

19

Who not obtaining what they did request,  
After their worship and obeisance done  
Unto the Son, and to the Mother blest,  
They take their leave of both, and forth are gone;  
Recounting as they goe, where they had beene,  
And what their eares had heard, and eyes had seene.

C 4

Filled

20

Filled with joy their hearts do overflow,  
 Like channell small, too narrow for the spring,  
 Whose waters farre above the banks do grow;  
 Both heart and tongue too scant they think to sing  
 His praises forth; who had to them reveal'd,  
 What he from all the world beside conceal'd.

21

Shepherds, poore Shepherds, not alone made  
 The first partakers of the Gospels newes,  
 To heare 't themselves; but farre above their trade  
 To preach and publish it unto the Jewes:  
 So still we find it, God the proud resists,  
 Who Shepherds makes his first Evangelists.

22

O *Altitude*, O the depth and height  
 Of Gods divine, most sacred treasure!  
 How do the riches of his wisdomes weight  
 Out poise the lightnesse of mans policie!  
 Whose weaknes our best holds doth cast to ground,  
 Whose follie doth mans deepest plots confound.

23

God doth by foolish things confute the wise,  
 The mighty he throwes downe by things most weak,  
 Base things and things contemn'd, which men despise,  
 He makes the meanes the greatest things to break;  
 That none before him boast in any case,  
 But yield them (as they are) fooles, weak, and base.

OF

OF  
The Circumcision of CHRIST,  
AND  
The imposition of the name  
of JESUS.

Hymne VI

1  
VVhat strange invention's this, what cruell art,  
In part so tender, sensible of paine,  
To put poore children to such deadly smart?  
Who would have thought, that God should thus or-  
So sore a burthen for all *Abrahams* seed, (daine  
That they as soon as they were born, should bleed?

2  
Was 't not enough, poore Infants shed their teares,  
Prognosticks of their future miseries?  
Was 't not enough to move all eyes and eares  
To pitie them, their wailing and their cries?  
But they first octave of their wretched life,  
Must sharpest seels of Circumcisers knife?

C

Such

32 The Circumcision of Christ, and the

3

Such was the foulness of polluting sin,  
That water onely could not purge the stain:  
Water and bloud, both must together win  
Our pardon; els we still impure remaine.  
Repentant sorrow is too meane a price,  
If 'twere not for a better sacrifice.

4

Gods (a) seale, his signet Circumcision was,  
The Jewes the letter, as now (b) Christians bee;  
The seale is cut, the wax the flame doth passe,  
The paper's pressed hard. Who ere did see  
Or paper, wax or seale, take one of us,  
What is your meaning, or why doe yee thus?  
(a) Rom. 4. 11. (b) 2 Cor. 3. 3.

5

So to expostulate with God, or blame  
His doings toward us, how should we dare,  
If he or make us passe afflictions flame,  
Or presse us hard with sorrow and with care;  
Since all's to seale us up without from sin,  
Whom he hath writ with lines of grace within?

6

The Jewes Gods people were peculiarly,  
By cov'nant streight, and speciall service bound:  
In signe whereof God gave his liverie,  
That they their fore-skins circumsise around:  
Men on their sleeves their badges open weare,  
These in their flesh in secret theirs must beare.

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7

In secret, in their flesh, in such a part,  
As doth afford a secret mysterie;  
To note the circumcision of the heart,  
All carnall lusts, which lurk and therein lie;  
The paring off of all concupiscence,  
And whatso'ere defiles the conscience.

8

Why should it then so strange unto us seeme,  
That children thus should circumcised be?  
Uncircumcis'd, unchristen'd: One esteeme  
They had of those, as these with us we see:  
One was the use of both; they circumcis'd  
For the same end, as we are now baptiz'd.

9

More strange it was, that he the Lord and heire  
Apparant of the world, of earth and heaven,  
The onely Son of God should thus appeare,  
In badge of sinners, which himselfe had given;  
The Master clad in servants cognizance,  
The King made bound to his owne ordinance.

10

This was the wonder; Christ who knew no sin,  
Had no rank blood to let, proud flesh to pare;  
In bodie, soule, all whole, without, within;  
That Him to cut and lance they did not spare.  
Where no need is, why doth the Surgeon wound?  
Blood-letting's for the sick, not for the sound.

Bloud

### 34 The Circumcision of Christ, and the

11

Blood-letting's for the sick; so we were all;  
Nor could our owne velnes opening helpe us ought,  
Sick through the bruise of our first Parents fall,  
Past helpe, past hope, till stranger cure was wrought;  
Physitian bleeds for his sick Patient;  
Man sins, and God doth beare the punishment.

12

So timely Christ his blood began to shed,  
In his so tender yeares, at eight dayes old;  
Cold, hunger, he before had suffered,  
Extremities of want an hundred fold;  
To make him perfect in infirmity,  
He now feels smart as well as penury.

13

Six sev'rall times Christ shed his precious blood;  
Now at his Circumcision first of all,  
Next in his sweat, when to the ground a flood  
In huge great drops of blood did from him fall;  
Then at the piller scourg'd, with cords fast bound;  
With thorns next afterward by souldiers crown'd:

14

Nail'd then unto the Crosse both hand and foot;  
His side last pierced through with speare accurst;  
So no part scap't, nor bodie, branch, nor root,  
All were asunder riven, to pieces burst;  
Head, heart, and face, hands, feet, backe, secret part,  
No member free from feeling paine and smart.

O!

*Imposition of the name of Jesus.* 35

15

O! that our teares in halfe that readines  
Were, to be shed for him, his sufferings;  
(Or rather for our selves, our trespasses,  
Which made him suffer such, so grievous things,)  
As he his blood had ready to be shed  
For us on all occasions offered!

16

Had he but shed his blood this onely time,  
When he was circumcised, and no more;  
This had been price sufficient for all crime:  
But he, no niggard, hath in greater store  
Powred it forth, that he might for our sake  
Aplenteous, rich, a full Redemption make.

17

To which great worke he now had actuall right,  
To be Redemer of the world indeed,  
True Saviour *Jesus*, ere he *Jesus* hight:  
God would it so, he had it fore-decreed,  
That not his onely Sonne should have that name,  
Till he had somewhat done to earne the same.

18

Name, heav'nly name, in heav'n appointed earst,  
Before all worlds; from heav'n on earth declar'd  
By Angels mouth, to blessed (a) *Marie* first;  
And in a dreame to (b) *Joseph* afterward:  
And by them both, what was to them reveal'd,  
Now at his (c) Circumcision sign'd and seal'd.

(a) *Luke 1.31.* (b) *Matth. 1.23.* (c) *Matth. 1.25. Luke 2.21.*

Name

# 36 The Circumcision of Christ, and the

19

Name, *glorious* name, surmounting, passing far  
The (a) names of Angels, all the Saints in blisse,  
As doth the Sun in light the meanest star :  
Name (b) above everie name that named is :  
At which heav'n, earth, and hell obeyfance make,  
Angels and men doe bow, but Devils quake.

(a) Heb. 1.4. (b) Ephes. 1.21. Phil. 2.9.

20

Name, *pow'rfull* name, to doe all (a) works of wonder,  
To (b) speake new languages ne're heard before;  
To (c) cast out Devils, and to keep them under,  
To (d) heale the sick, the (e) blind to sight restore,  
To (f) set upon their feet the maim'd and lame,  
To doe all this by His all-pow'rfull name.

(a) Acts 4.30. (b) Mark. 16.17. (c) Acts 16.18. Let.  
10.17. (d) Jam. 5.14. (e) Acts 9.17. (f) Acts 3.6, 16.

21

Name, *sweetest* name, wherein all health doth lye,  
Comfort of this, and hope of life to come ;  
(a) Beside no name giv'n under heav'n, whereby  
We can escape Gods everlasting doome :  
O *Jesu, Jesu* ; name most sweetly sounding,  
In mercie, grace, and goodnesse all abounding

(a) Acts 4.12.



22

Unto the eare melodious harmony,  
Gold to the eye, pearle of richest worth,  
Honey in mouth tasting deliciously,  
(a) Unto the smell sweet oyntment powred forth,  
Most comfortable cordiall to the heart;  
Such is this name to these and everie part.

(a) Cant. 1. 3.

23

Thou many titles hast, O Saviour blest,  
Like costly stones in royall Diadem;  
But this so far surpasses all the rest,  
As doth his fellowes the most precious gem:  
Those Rubies, Emeralds, and Sapphyres blue,  
This the true Di'mond is for spark and hue.

24

A (a) royall name thou hast upon thy thigh  
Engraven, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*:  
But this in place more eminent and high,  
More comfort far to sinfull man affords:  
*Iesus of Nazareth*; 'twas (b) *Pilates* writing,  
But mov'd by higher hand; 'twas Gods enditing.

(a) Revel. 19. 16. (b) Job. 19. 19.

*This*

58 *The Circumcision of Christ, and the*

25

This is thy name, (a) *The Lord our Righteousness*;  
What's righteousness to us, if we have none?  
What is it to be just and meritorious?

'Tis Jesus makes that ours, brings these to one:  
(b) *Mercy and Truth are both here met together,*  
*And Righteousness and Peace have kiss'd each other.*

(a) *Jer. 23. 6. & 33. 16.* (b) *Psal. 85. 10.*

26

Thou art (a) *the faithful witness, just and true*;  
And should'st thou us accuse, thou might'st it do:  
Thou art the (b) *judge*, to give all men their due;  
And should'st thou us condemn, so might'st thou too  
But Jesus makes thee (c) *Advocate*, to stand  
And plead our cause for us at God's right hand.

(a) *Revel. 1. 5. & 19. 11.* (b) *Act. 10. 42.*  
(c) *Ezay 9. 6. 1 John 2. 1.*

27

Thou (a) *splendent beame of heavenly Majesty*;  
Thou *character of Father's person bright*,  
Th' (b) *unspotted mirror* art, eternally  
(c) *Inhabiting inaccessible light*,  
This makes thee (d) *wonderfull*, that we admire thee;  
But Jesus makes us love and to desire thee.

(a) *Heb. 1. 3.* (b) *Wisd. 7. 26.* (c) *1 Tim. 6. 16.*  
(d) *Ezay 9. 6.*

Thou

*Imposition of the name of Jesus* 39

28

Thou art (a) *th' eternall Father*; (b) *first and last*;  
 But *Jesus* makes thee borne of Virgin mother;  
 Thou (c) *Son of God*, beyond all ages past;  
 But *Jesus* makes thee (d) *Son of man*, (e) *our brother*;  
 To come from heav'n, with sinfull flesh to (f) *dwell*,  
 That thou might'st be our true (g) *Emanuel*.

(a) *Esay* 9.6. (b) *Revel.* 1.11. (c) *Luke* 1.35. (d) *Matth.*  
 8.30. (e) *Heb.* 2.11. (f) *John* 1.14. (g) *Esay* 7.14.

29

Thou art appointed (a) *Heire of earth and heav'n*,  
 Thou art a (b) *King* to reigne for evermore;  
 Thou art a (c) *Priest* ordained to make even  
 'Twixt God and man that else uncanceled score;  
 But *Jesus* 'tis that parts th' inheritance,  
 And to be *Kings* and *Priests* doth us advance.

(a) *Heb.* 1.2. (b) *Luke* 1.33. (c) *Psal.* 110.4. *Heb.* 7.17.  
 (d) *Revel.* 1.6.

30

Thou art the (a) *Lord of Hosts*; 'tis *Jesus* makes  
 Thee 'gainst our deadly enemies to fight;  
 (b) *The mighty God*; 'tis *Jesus* undertakes  
 For us and our defence to use his might;  
 Thou (c) *Captaine* (d) *Prince of peace*, the (e) *devils foe*,  
 (f) *Mans dearest friend*; 'tis *Jesus* makes thee so.

(a) *Esay* 47.4. (b) *Esay* 9.6. (c) *Heb.* 2.10. (d) *Esay* 9.6.  
 (e) *Gen.* 3.15. (f) *Luke* 12.4. *John* 15.14, 15.

Thom

# 60 The Circumcision of Christ, and the

31

Thou art the (a) *Word*, which yet we never should  
Have heard, if *Jesus* had not it reveal'd:  
Thou hast that (b) *secret name* which no man could  
Come to the knowledge of, to all conceal'd:  
But *Jesus* shall to us both *that* make knowne,  
And give us *name* as (c) *secret* of our owne.

(a) *Joh. 1. 1. Revel. 19. 13.* (b) *Revel. 19. 13.*  
(c) *Revel. 2. 17.*

32

Thou art the (a) *Christ*, the (b) *blessed promis'd seed*;  
But *Jesus* 'tis, that promise doth fulfill:  
*Christ* gives the name; but *Christians* we indeed  
From *Jesus* are: (So *Jesus* keep us still:)  
*Christ* shewes that thou *thy selfe* (c) *Anointed art*,  
But *Jesus* of thine (d) *unction* gives us part.

(a) *Matth. 16. 16.* (b) *Gen. 12. 3* and *22. 18.* (c) *1st*  
*10. 38. Heb. 1. 9.* (d) *1 Joh. 3. 20, 27.*

33

Thou art the (a) *well-beloved*, (b) *Bride-groome chaste*,  
The Church thy *Darling* is, thy *Spouse*, thy *Dove*;  
'Tis *Jesus* makes the contract, joynes them fast  
In mutuall promise of each others love:  
'Tis *Jesus* doth the (f) *marriage consummate*,  
Which Angels shall for ever celebrate.

(a) *Cant. 1. 13.* (b) *Matth. 9. 15.* and *25. 1.* (c) *Cant. 7. 4.*  
(d) *Cant. 4. 11.* (e) *Cant. 2. 14.* & *5. 2.* (f) *Rev. 19. 7.*  
Thou

34

Thou art that pitifull (a) *Samaritan*,  
Whoyle and wine do't powre into our wounds;  
Thou art the pious, holy *Pelican*,  
Whose (b) bloud to help thy dying brood abounds:  
But *Jesus* 'tis, that makes thee this and more,  
Health to the sick, the dead life to restore.

(a) *Luk. 10. 33, 34.* (b) *Joh. 6. 53, &c.*

35

Thou (a) *Lyon* art of tribe of *Judah* strong;  
But *Lyon* is fierce beast to teare and rent:  
Thou art a (b) *Lamb*; but *Lamb* all beasts among;  
As none it doth, no harme it can prevent:  
But *Jesus* makes thee (c) *Lamb* for sacrifice,  
And (d) *Lyon* to despoile our enemies.

(a) *Revel. 5. 5.* (b) *Esay 53. 7.* *Acts 8. 32.* (c) *Joh. 1. 29.*  
(d) *Hos. 11. 10.* and *13. 7, 8.*

36

Thou art the (a) *Head*, wherein all life remains,  
But yet the *body* is stark, stiffe, and dead:  
Thou art the (b) *Vine*, whose root the sap contains,  
But yet the *branches* drie and withered:  
'Tis *Jesus* doth the members seed and nourish;  
'Tis *Jesus* doth the branches make to flourish

(a) *Ephes. 1. 22.* *Coloss. 1. 18.* (b) *Joh. 15. 1.*

Thou

37

Thou (a) *Shepherd* art, thy *flocke* is all thy care,  
 ('Tis *Jesu* makes it so,) them to defend;  
 Thou *Shepherd* art; for them thou dost not spare  
 ('Tis *Jesu* makes it thus) thy life to spend;  
 To leave the (b) *ninety nine*, heav'n's *Angels* there,  
 To seeke out *one* lost *sheepe*, poore *man* here.

(a) *Job. 10. 11.* (b) *Luke 15. 4.*

38

Thou art the (a) *Way*, the *Truth*, the *Life*, we breath;  
 But way as *unconouth*, path *untraden* quite,  
 And truth *unlaught*, life unto us but *death*;  
 Till *Jesu* guide our foot-steps forth aright,  
 Till *Jesu* doth ~~the~~ truths *gospell* preach,  
 Till *Jesu* shew us how we heav'n may reach.

(a) *Job. 14. 6.*

39

Thou art the (a) *Dore*, but lock't and barred fast;  
 Thou art the (b) *well*, but deep whence none can draw;  
 Thou art the (c) *living Bread*, which none can tast;  
 Thou art the (d) *Treasure hid*, which none ere saw;  
*Jesu* is all, *Key*, *Bucket*, *Knife*, and *Light*,  
 To *open*, *draw*, and *cut*, and *bring to light*.

(a) *John 10. 9.* (b) *Jerem. 2. 13.* (c) *John 6. 51.*  
 (d) *Matth. 13. 44. Colos. 2. 3.*

What

What other titles of magnificence  
There be, of glorie, royall majestie;  
What other names of sweeter excellence,  
Of mercie, love, divine and heavenly;  
In this of *Iesus* all comprized are,  
Or else by it they be exceeded farre.

7801 41

to us be what thy name imports,  
Our lost soules health to regain;  
Grant every one, which unto thee resorts,  
May like Redemption through it still obtaine:  
That we and they, may unto Heavens King,  
And to the Lamb, (a) *Salvation* ever sing.

(a) *Revel: 7. 10.*

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*FINIS.*

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*Martii 3. 1637.*

*Imprimatur.*

*Tbo. Wykes R. P. Episc. Lond.*

*Capell. Domest.*

26 MA 55



and

and

and

and



MISERERE  
MEI  
DOMINE:

A  
THOUGHT  
UPON THE  
LATTER DAY.

---



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LONDON,  
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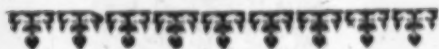


### The Argument.

*The valley of Jehoshaphat  
Described is : the world bath<sup>d</sup> end  
By scorching flames. Christ after that  
Downe unto<sup>n</sup> judgement doth descend.*

*The trumpets sound<sup>n</sup> doth raise the dead ;  
The thrones<sup>n</sup> are set ; by Angels bright  
The good from<sup>n</sup> bad are severed :  
The books laid<sup>n</sup> ope bring all to light.*

*Heav'n for the godly is prepar'd,  
Hell is unjust mens just reward.*



MISE-



# MISERERE MEI DOMINE.

<sup>1</sup>  
**A** Sleepe or wake, in dreame or trance,  
When soules be free, and bodies thrall;  
I cannot tell, but by some chance,  
Thus unto me it did befall.  
Me thought, (the thought doth me appall:)  
But 'gainst this feare, Lord, strengthen me,  
And now for help to thee I call,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

<sup>2</sup>  
Me thought, I was (where was I trow?)  
In a large place, more long than wide;  
And it was deepe and lay full low:  
A huge high wall did on this side  
From a great Citie it divide.  
Whose buildings faire when I did see,  
How soule I seem'd! then streight I cride,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

3  
 On t'other side the farther bound;  
 Did rise a mount, or prettie hill,  
 With Palmes and Olive-trees around,  
 Beset by cunning workmans skill.  
 Their fruitfulnessie upbraids me still,  
 I should of good so barren be;  
 For which and all I have done ill,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

4  
 Th'rowout the midst a streame did run,  
 Whose shadie banks, as arbour there,  
 Did promise shelter from the Sun,  
 When he was mounted in his sphere:  
 Whose waters cleere as Chrystall were;  
 Yet could not cleanse one staine from me;  
 But I am forc'd to crie for feare,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

5  
 At the South point I saw a place,  
 I never of the like heard tell  
 On earth beside; it bare the face  
 In all resemblance like to hell,  
 Where Sprites and Fiends inhabit fell.  
 Lord, of thy boundlesse charitie,  
 That I with them may never dwell,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

6  
 A hollow brazen Idoll stood,  
 Betweene whose armes in cruell wise,  
 Was shed poore harmelesse infants blood,  
 By wicked strange unheard device.  
 But grant me better sacrifice,  
 Which I may offer, Lord, to thee  
 With contrite heart and humble cries,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

7

Like (somewhat) to *Perillus* bull,  
Save that in body 'twas a man,  
It of a Calf had head and skull,  
Whereon a crowne was placed than :  
Under whose feet an iron pan,  
Much like a furnace I did see.  
Then I to thinke of thee began,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

8

Such flames the fire did upward send,  
The Idoll therewith red hot grew :  
Into the armes of cruell Fiend  
The parents then their children threw:  
What outcries fierce did thence ensue!  
From such embracements keep thou me ;  
That no such kindnesse me accrue,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

9

What heart could at their cries but earne,  
Save such as were with iron sear'd ?  
Which they with drums & trumpets stern  
Did seeke to drowne, and voyces rear'd:  
Enough to make the Fiends afeard.  
Such musick nothing pleaseth me ;  
A thousand times 'tis better heard,  
{ *Miserere mei Domine.*

10

So long I lookt, till I beheld  
The Idoll broke downe for the nonce ;  
The place of a most pleasant field,  
A dunghill made of dead mens bones :  
What man is he such hap bemones ?  
But shew me, Lord, thy mercie free,  
Who crie to thee with piteous groines,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

A 5

I wish

11

I wist not all this while, what place  
 It was, wherein I then did stand;  
 Till looking neerer me a space,  
 I saw some sepulchers at hand,  
 And graves as thick as sea-shore sand,  
 And one did seeme prepar'd for me,  
 Untill my lesson I had scan'd,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

12

It strooke such terroure to my heart,  
 Not fully yet recovered,  
 I shooke and trembled everie part,  
 To see me so environed:  
 I seem'd my selfe as one halfe-dead;  
 Till I had made recourse to thee,  
 And prayed to be rid from dread,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

13

When then my sp'its returned were,  
 I cast in mind, how that it might  
 Some Church-yard be, appointed there,  
 Belonging to that Citie bright:  
 I ghesled so, and ghest aright.  
 I turn'd my thought, and said to thee,  
 Before I leave this present light,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

14

To strengthen this conceit of mine,  
 A famous Temple stately built,  
 Directly over it did shine,  
 With gates and towers richly gilt;  
 No cost thereon was counted spilt.  
 It Heav'n it selfe did seeme to be,  
 Whither bring me, as I hope, thou wilt,

*Miserere mei Domine.*

And



*Miserere mei Domine.*

7

15

And under it this vale did lye,  
Whereof it had the prospect cleare.  
The one was low, the other high,  
And did as fort and trench appeare.  
I in the trench could not come neare  
To scale the fort: which grant thou me,  
And when I shall no more be here,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

16

Thus wondring at the things I saw,  
The objects faire before mine eyes;  
Behind me stranger things did draw  
Mine eye-sight back; I did surmise  
I saw a fearefull smoake arise.  
I turn'd about the cause to see,  
'Twas time, I think, to use my cries,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

17

My thought was true, but whence it came,  
I could not tell: And suddenly  
It burst into a hideous flame,  
Which over-run all by and by,  
And burned fierce in earth and skie.  
Lord, be thou gracious unto me,  
And when the world in flames shall fire,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

18

The aire with winds both fierce & strong,  
And mightie stormes tempestuous grew,  
Thunder and thunderbolts among;  
And everie visage blacknesse drew,  
For feare of what should then ensue.  
But save thou, Lord, and shelter me;  
And when these things shall thus be true,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

And

The

19

The waves upon an heap did stand;  
 The sea and floods did monsters send  
 Of thousand shapés upon the land,  
 Which such disasters did portend,  
 As men were ev'n at their wits end:  
 Before, ô Lord, this day I see,  
 Grant I my sinfull life may 'mend,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

20

The plagues of Ægypt ten times told,  
 Compar'd to this were nothing so,  
 Which did exceed a thousand fold;  
 More like to Sodomés overthrow,  
 When Lot was forc'd from thence to goe.  
 As thou didst him, deliver me;  
 And when these dayes shall come of woe,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

21

The heav'n & earth were from their henge  
 Dis-joynted quite out of their frame;  
 Now that of sinners him to venge,  
 The Lord in his great furie came:  
 That neither did appeare the same.  
 But put thy vengeance far from me;  
 And guiltie though I be of blame,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

22

Ev'n as a clock, or hor'loge like,  
 Which else doth keep his poyses just,  
 When th'howre is come for him to strike,  
 Makes such a noyse, (and needs he must)  
 As he from all his weights were thrust.  
 Lord in that howre that I shall be  
 Dissolv'd, and turned into dust,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

23

So now this world's last minute come,  
That his huge fabrick needs must break,  
Such hideous noyse did come him from,  
Thunder did to it seeme a creak.  
Lord, when I shall be sick and weake,  
Visit thou mine extremitie,  
And when I shall nor know, nor speake,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

24

The pow'rs of heav'n were shaken all,  
The Moone waxt red, as red as blood,  
The stars from out their spheres did fall;  
The Sun himselfe in dolefull mood  
All out of order dark'ned stood.  
When outward light I cannot see,  
The inward-send which is more good;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

25

The lights of heav'n were quencht and out;  
What light had they below here then?  
Such light they had, (bett'r been without)  
A bright light fire did all things bren,  
Both works of nature and of men.  
When this great dismall day shall be,  
Which tongue cannot expresse nor pen,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

26

Kings houses and their treasures,  
With gold and silver richly fraught,  
In cinders now and ashes lies,  
Consum'd by fire: There was not ought,  
But by the flame was brought to nought.  
In thee then let my treasure be,  
And better lesson me be taught,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

27

Townes, Cities, Forts, and Citadels;  
 Seeke stronger holds, the fire soone bids.  
 Colosses great, and all things els,  
 Huge Obelisks and Pyramids,  
 The rage of this fierce flame strait bids.  
 But that I, like the children three,  
 May be preserv'd the fire amids,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

28

Nor herb, nor grasse, nor branch was left,  
 Nor orchard, garden, land, nor field;  
 All was of everie thing bereft;  
 Nor fruit, nor tree that fruit might yeild:  
 No speare for Souldier fierce to wield.  
 This onely did remaine from thee,  
 For me to use as speare and shield,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

29

Bird, beast, or cattell there was none,  
 No one thing that might serve for meat:  
 Hig' time it was the world was done:  
 All were dissolved by this heat,  
 Into their elements, 'twas so great.  
 How then could I have scaped free;  
 But that to thee I made retreat,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

30

The world thus emptie quite and bare  
 Of her inhabitants did remaine:  
 Meanewhile another object rare  
 Mine eyes and thoughts did entertaine.  
 Before I see such sight againe,  
 As then me seem'd; Lord, first to me  
 To come in sp'it doe not refraine,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

31

I saw one comming in the skie,  
A man he seem'd, and so he was,  
Clothed in robe of Majestie,  
Which did the snow for whitenesse passe:  
His feet were like to burning brasle.  
So terrible he seem'd to me,  
That downe I fell, and cri'd, Alas,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

32

His count'naunce brighter than the Sun,  
Dazling my weak and feeble eyne,  
When he his Summer course doth run,  
In greater force and strength did shine.  
When thou thy Saints shalt purge & fine  
Of all their drosse, then think on me,  
To make my body like as thine,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

33

Before him there an Angell bore  
A bloudie Crosse in Azure field;  
Disgracefull once, but now none more  
Renowned Ensigne borne on shield:  
Grant I may never weapon wield,  
But such as thou shalt give to me,  
And will, I hope, the conquest yeild,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

34

Upon his head a Crowne did sit,  
Resembling thornes, but 'twas of gold;  
Like scepter in his hand, as fit,  
A Souldiers speare. More might be told,  
But I no longer could behold.  
Make me hereafter thee to see,  
And when I leave this earthen mold,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

35

My sight was dimm'd, my hearing drown'd,  
 To heare a voyce found in mine eare,  
 Which all my senses did confound,  
 And made my heart-strings burst for feare.  
 I pray'd and shed forth many a teare,  
 When that doth come in truth to be,  
 Which I did then conceive to heare,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

36

The voyce whether more loud or shrill,  
 I cannot tell for certaintie:  
 I heard it th'row the aire to thrill,  
 As if it would have rent the skie.  
 I fell downe flat, and presently  
 I cri'd, a stiller voice to me  
 Send, Lord, of mercie, ere I die,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

37

As when the Judges of Assise  
 Their circuit ride, when neere they come,  
 Where they in most unpartiall wise,  
 Offenders meane to judge and doome,  
 A trumpet doth proclaime their roome.  
 Shew kindnesse then, O Lord, to me;  
 And when thou spare nor Knight nor Groom,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

38

Such noyse, me thought, I then did heare,  
 But lower far than was the thunder,  
 An Angell seem'd with trumpet cleare,  
 Then to proclaime the worlds great wonder,  
 His comming who keeps Devils under.  
 Then list I up my heart to thee;  
 When thou the sheepe and goats do'st sunder,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

When

39

When God at first did give the Law  
On Sinai-mouint to Israel;  
The people then such thundrings saw,  
That did their hearts subdue and quell;  
Thunder and lightning, trumpet fell,  
And mountaine swoaking: All to me  
Such lesson seem'd to teach full well,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

40

In manner as it first was given,  
The Law was then required so;  
Thundrings & lightnings seen from heav'n,  
And smoake; and trump heard loud to blow,  
To render sinners shame and woe.  
Then cri'd I, Lord, and said to thee,  
Sin and transgression keep me fro,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

41

The sound did many sounds beget,  
The vale with eccho's did rebound;  
As if ten thousand voyces met,  
It made the aire th'rowout resound,  
And pierc'd the cavernes under ground.  
O may I, when these things shall be,  
Pure in thy sight, and cleane be found,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

42

The tombs flew ope that instant then,  
The graves delivered up their dead;  
And carkasses waxt living men,  
Whilst bodies joyned to their head,  
Drie bones with flesh were covered.  
From grave of sin first raise thou me,  
And when I lye in deaths dust bed,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Great

When

43

Great multitudes there suddenly,  
 Ere I was 'ware, about me stood;  
 A strangely mixed company,  
 Of whom some bad, and some were good;  
 Some joy'd, some rav'd as they were wood.  
 But grant me, Lord, thy mercie free  
 That I may crie in better mood,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

44

By this the Judge was now descended,  
 With troops of Saints and Angels blest,  
 Thousands of thousands him attended,  
 To doe him their observance best.  
 When I am dead and laid to rest,  
 Then thinke, I pray thee, Lord, of me,  
 And grant to me this one request,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

45

Downe being come, there then was set  
 Over the mount a sumptuous throne,  
 More costly than of smoothest jet,  
 Of gold, of pearle, or pretious stone;  
 Which far away most glorious shone.  
 Lord, when thou in thy Majestie  
 Shalt come, then listen to my mone,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

46

At his right hand a little by  
 There sate a mother maiden Queene,  
 In fairest seat of Ivorie,  
 And she far fairer to be seene,  
 In golden vesture bright and sheene.  
 Thy righteousness impart to me,  
 Which is Saints clothing white & cleane,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*



47

Twelve other thrones in order sit,  
Prepared there I did espy;  
Where so many Elders grave did sit:  
But one was voyd, and I askt why?  
'Twas said, for foule conspiracie.  
Lord, grant I never traytour be:  
For other faults before I dye,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

48

But for that one that emptie seem'd,  
In roome and stead thereof, address,  
With double recompence I deem'd  
Two others, like unto the rest,  
By Ancients twaine, as they, possesse.  
The meanest place, Lord, grant to me,  
It shall suffice, among the blest,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

49

Thrones there beside were many plac'd,  
Where Patriarks sate and Prophets old,  
Victorious Martyrs, Virgins chaste,  
And others more than could be told,  
That were in booke of life enrol'd.  
And one, I hope, prepar'd for me:  
Wherefore in mercie me behold,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

50

And now of those extinguisht lights,  
Which erst while shone in higher sphere,  
No misse was had; to all mens sights  
New firmament did brighter there,  
New Sun, new Moone, new Stars appeare,  
Shine, Sun of righteousness, on me,  
By glorie there, by grace-light here,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Sears

151

Seats, many else there were prepar'd,  
To be possess'd by them alone,  
Who meet were thought for such reward,  
For all the blessed Saints each one;  
To sit above in heav'nly throne.  
'Mongst whom one seat I beg of thee,  
That I may sit with them anon,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

152

Meanwhile to their employment great,  
The Angels did themselves betake,  
'Twixt sheepe & goats, 'twixt tares and wheate,  
(As them their Lord before bespake)  
A separation just to make.  
Amongst the sheep, Lord, number me,  
And save me for thy mercie sake,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

153

The just then straightwayes as the spark  
From flame sent up, aloft did flie;  
Or as the Eagle, or the Lark,  
Or as the Angels, mounted high,  
To meet their Saviour in the skie.  
When this shall be, Lord, let not me  
Be left behind; but when I crie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

154

Where they their place at his right hand  
Did take, appointed them before;  
Whilst wicked men below did stand  
To the left side, which made them sore  
Lament their case, and loudly roare,  
Weep and waile: But thou for me,  
And fit better things, I hope, in store,  
Ha *Miserere mei Domine.*

Here

55

Here might I see amidst the throng  
Great Princes, Kings, and Emperours  
Without respect the rout among,  
Their Favourites and Ambassadors,  
Consuls, Prætextates, Senatours.  
But that my place may ever be  
Amongst thy heavenly Courtours,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

56

Their Scepters, Crownes, and Diadems,  
Their Benches, Seats, & Thrones of State,  
Their robes, their rich and costly gems,  
Their honours priz'd at too high rate,  
All subje& to one common fate,  
Were fled and gone. Grant that to me,  
Which shall endure beyond all date,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

57

Judges, that erst were wont to sit,  
Now stood; and they that sentence gave  
Against delinquents, now were quit,  
Expecting like themselves to have,  
And nothing could that judgment wave.  
I am no Judge, yet just would be;  
Though for that I have nothing, save  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

58

One there amongst the rest I sp'd,  
His case was not, as it was, when  
He judg'd his Judge: So close he hid,  
I could not say, Behold the man:  
He wrung his hands, that wash't them than,  
The sight of him dismayed me;  
But I will on as I began,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Here

Nor

59

Not far I saw a lucklesse crue  
 Of wretched miscreant Traytors bold;  
 Who some their Masters out-right slue,  
 And some them to their deaths had sold,  
 With plots contriv'd a thousand-fold.  
 Of their bad counsels let not me  
 Partake, but still as ev'r of old,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

60

A caitife wretch was first ywis,  
 His neck stood tite, as 't had been broke;  
 Sweet slov'nly mouth he had to kisse;  
 But neck far fitter for the yoke:  
 A halter 'twas that did him choke.  
 'Twas he betray'd thee, Lord; yet he  
 Had pardon'd been, had he but spoke,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

61

Next to these Traytors suting best,  
 A rout of cruell murd'ers stood,  
 Who inhumanely most unblest,  
 Unkindly and unnat'rall brood,  
 Embrew'd their wicked hands in blood.  
 From sins as these still keep me free,  
 And though I be not perfect good,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

62

'Mongst these the first was one, that had  
 His righteous brother slaine: and why?  
 Th'ones offering good, and his was bad.  
 A mark he had to know him by,  
 He shooke and trembled fearefully.  
 When offered 'twas, yet had not he  
 The grace, which I now beg, to crie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

63

To think what numbers there were then,  
Of lyars, theeves, adulterers,  
Proud, covetous, envious, angrie men,  
Gluttons, and drunkards, idellers,  
Turks, Pagans, and Idolaters,  
And thousands mo: It makes me flee,  
To pray 'mongst thy true worshippers,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

64

And Christians too, (too great a store)  
Of Hereticks and Hypocrites,  
And secret Atheists many more,  
Vow-breaking Monks and Anchorites,  
And Judaizing Hermaphrodites.  
When these appeare for all to see,  
(Which their deserving well requites)  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

65

The Judge began now to proceed,  
The books were ope, the rolls were spred,  
And everie word and evill deed,  
And everie thought examined,  
According to the things there read.  
Grant me in mine account to thee,  
That I may, Lord, be better sped;  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

66

The summons made, there first came in  
An ugly creature, monstrous, vile;  
Of no one shape, made up of sin,  
Who *Proteus*-like with cunning wile,  
Did at his pleasure all beguile.  
But that he doe not cozen me,  
And wickedly my soule defile,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

67

Sometime a Serpent, Dragon fell;  
 Sometime he seem'd a Lyon stout;  
 Sometime an Angell, but from hell;  
 And sometime lightning, quickly out:  
 Such thousand shapes he bore about.  
 But thine owne image grant to me,  
 That I may never be without,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

68

His shape was now a shapelesse fiend,  
 Ready with his rude griping pawes,  
 All that he met to teare and rend,  
 And to deuoure with open jawes;  
 Who never feared God, ne lawes.  
 But that I not in danger be,  
 Of his sharp, cruell, renting clawes,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

69

An Angell led him in a chaine  
 Of massie, huge and pond'rous weight;  
 And after him an ugly traine  
 Of beastly sprites that follow'd streight;  
 Monstrous they were in length and height.  
 Let not their fiereenesse trouble me,  
 But thou for all their devillish sleight,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

70

Presented there before the Throne,  
 In sight of Heavens high Majestie;  
 They were arraigned one by one,  
 Of no lighter conspiracie,  
 Than treason 'gainst their Soveraigne high.  
 But let me false, Lord, never be  
 To King or thee; but graciously  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

Th'en-

71

Th'endite ment read was straight confess,  
(Too plaine it was to be deny'd)  
But yet there was one small request,  
They said they had before they dy'd,  
Strange thing for such as God deny'd  
When Devils dare thus beg of thee,  
How may I hope, when I have cry'd,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

72

Respite they did desire so long,  
As they him doe some service might  
There was, they said, there in the throng,  
Whom they desir'd to bring to light,  
One, as themselves, as wicked wight.  
But, Lord, from such deliver me,  
Who 'scuse themselves by railing spight,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

73

Respite they cry'd, and 'twas for spight,  
'Twas not for love to justice lore,  
Nor God, nor goodnesse, nor good right,  
But for the hate they mankind bore,  
Whom they perverted had before.  
But their false words shall not hurt me,  
If I doe crie, and nere give o're,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

74

Their boone with vantage granted was,  
Both to accuse and to torment,  
Such as in judgement could not passe,  
Nor be of crime found innocent.  
And to their busines streight they went,  
And this boone grant thou, Lord, to me,  
That they have nor their mischieses bent,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

B

Then

Th'en-

75

Then to't they went with fierce assaile,  
 To gaine the fort already won;  
 Striving with might and maine avails,  
 To get the field; the battell done;  
 Accuse or rite, in point all's one;  
 Th'accused could not light worse be;  
 Such desp'rate case that I may shun,  
*Misere mei Domine.*

76

'Tis not sufficient to accuse:  
 If 'twere, who then could guiltles prove?  
 Their mind is greater to abuse,  
 Whom they from goodnes cannot move,  
 Who God doe constant feare and love.  
 That they no malice have to me,  
 My heart on this let fix above,  
*Misere mei Domine.*

77

Then all was just as nothing done,  
 The matter had such exigence  
 It was come pound, where it began.  
 Unto the books was reference,  
 As to the surest evidence,  
 Lord, since my triall there shall be,  
 Let me find thy munificence,  
*Misere mei Domine.*

78

Nought there was hidden, nought conceal'd  
 From his all-piercing, searching eye;  
 But all and ev'ry thing reveal'd,  
 And manifested openly  
 (The good, the bad he doth espie.)  
 Grant me therefore my conscience free,  
 And when thou com'st my heart to trie,  
*Misere mei Domine.*



79

The Saints their good deeds there had showne;  
Their almes, which not their left hand knew;  
Their fasts, their pray'rs, all were made knowne,  
Unto the common, publike view.  
O let me still my best deeds rue,  
That I may not their trumpet be,  
But still for mercie to thee sue,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

80

Th'ungodly all they had done nought,  
Their wicked, strange hypocrisies;  
All unto light was then forth brought,  
Their fained friendship, and their lies,  
With thousand devillish subtilties.  
Lord, let my sins be knowne to me,  
But not in judgement 'gainst me rise,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

81

It was no boot then to refuse,  
To plead delay, or make defence,  
There could not be for to accuse.  
A fairer, stronger evidence,  
Then of their owne bad consciences.  
But I will take this for my plea,  
Before that I doe goe from hence,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

82

Their conscience, which as copie tane  
From Gods owne book, his hand and deed  
Was its true perfect counterpane,  
So plaine, one might it running read.  
O that my booke with thine agreed!  
To keep true score, that I might free  
Lament my sins, and crie at need,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

B 2

Such

83

Such accusation then was laid,  
 Such witnes their own conscience gave;  
 As that they nought at all gaine-said,  
 Yet could they not for mercie crave;  
 The time was past, the time to save.  
 O let it not be so with me;  
 A Psalme of mercie let me have,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

84

What now remain'd, but things appearing  
 As then they did, so cleare and plaine;  
 What needed there a farther hearing?  
 When pris'ners do themselves arraigne,  
 How can the Judge his doome refraine?  
 And yet thou wilt, So mought it be,  
 And when I judge my selfe to paine,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

85

No more adoe, to sentence then  
 The Judge prepar'd, and hi'd him fast.  
 But joying more in saving men,  
 Than punishing for what is past,  
 Absolv'd at first, condemn'd at last.  
 That I before too late it be,  
 Me on thy saving mercie cast,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

86

First looking his right hand toward,  
 He cheerefully them there bespake;  
 Receive, for you long since prepar'd,  
 Heavens Kingdome for my Fathers sake  
 Come and possession streightway take.  
 What hope of this have I (aye me!)  
 But hereof my best friend to make,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

87

Then instantly as earnest giv'n,  
They each receiv'd upon their head,  
A crowne provided them from Heav'n,  
By Gods appointment garnished,  
And now by Angels ministred.  
A glorious sight it was to see,  
It made me most forget my read,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

88

Beside which crownes were to be seene,  
On Preachers, Martyrs, Virgins chaste,  
Of Olive, Palme, and Lawrell greene,  
Garlands bestowed, wreathed fast,  
Which were for ev'r and aye to last.  
O when wilt thou bestow on me  
Such things? I hope there's no time past,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

89

Then streight they tooke with one accord,  
Both crownes & garlands, as was meet;  
And to doe honour to their Lord,  
Themselves and them cast at his feet:  
They sung withall (O heav'nly sweet!)  
Such singing sutes not well with me,  
Who crie with grieve and great regret,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

90

Their song, thanks, praise, and glorie were,  
Unto the Lamb upon the Throne:  
Who by his blood from everie where,  
Had them redeem'd from grieve and mone,  
And made them Kings and Priests each one,  
To reigne with him in jollitie;  
Whilst I must sing another tone,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

B 3

91

This done, th' assum'd their crownes agen,  
 And by the Angels ministr'ie,  
 Forthwith unto their seats were then  
 Brought, in a read'nesse plac'd there by,  
 To joyne in judgement speedily,  
 'Gainst wicked men. And why not me?  
 But that I have a remedie,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

92

Then turning to his left about,  
 The Judge to them began to say;  
 Depart from me, yee cursed rout,  
 Into that fire which burneth aye,  
 Where Devils and Sp'rits torment you may.  
 But speake thou wilt not so to me,  
 Whilst I erle still, Alas a day,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

93

What hideous outcries then were made,  
 What howling, stricking, feartull noyse,  
 When they condemn'd to hellish shade,  
 Lost all their hope of heav'nly joyes,  
 So vainly chang'd for earthly toys?  
 O let them never work with me,  
 So pow'rfull, as to counterpoise  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

94

But all in vaine they wept and wail'd,  
 It was no boot now to lament,  
 The time was past, that might avall'd,  
 If they had tane it to repent,  
 And of their follies to relent.  
 More early sorrowes grant thou me,  
 That I may crie, ere time be spent,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

95

The sentence thus pronounc'd, it was  
 To execution straightwayes put:  
 The earth grew wide, and gap't, like as  
 Into two parts it had beene cut,  
 And straight her mouth upon them shut.  
 Lord, be thou mercifull to me,  
 For I have nought against this, but  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

96

The fire, the smoake, the stench of pitch,  
 And sulphur strong, which issu'd thence,  
 The whilst lay ope that burning ditch,  
 Hath wrought in me so feeling sense  
 Of thy fierce wrath, I ne're from hence,  
 Though I a wretched sinner be,  
 Will stint my prayre to commence,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

97

Meanwhile the Judge from his high throne,  
 Tribunall seat of majestie,  
 Was risen, and to Heaven gone,  
 With his triumphant company  
 Of Saints and Angels gloriously:  
 And, I hope, shall after thee,  
 Though I be forc'd awhile to cry,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

98

Heav'n gates to them did open stand,  
 As they in solemne order pac'd;  
 Where he at his Fathers right hand,  
 And they at his their seats had plac'd:  
 Poore mortall men were ne're so grac'd.  
 Such grace when wilt thou shew to me?  
 Till I such favour have embrac'd,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

99

Their heavenly procession,  
 With musick streines beyond compare,  
 And all the ceremonies done  
 Thereto belonging, strange and rare;  
 Heav'n's gates are shut, & there they are,  
 But I am here, and like to be,  
 Till Allelujah make me spare,  
*Miserere mei Domine.*

100

My dream, (or what I may it call)  
 Was done, and all was but a thought;  
 My soule return'd againe to thrall,  
 To bondage of a carkasse brought.  
 Though fancies be but things of nought,  
 This would not so accounted be:  
 But had in mind, as still it ought,  
*Miserere mei Domine,*

OF

OF  
THE TIME BE-  
fore CHRIST'S com-  
ming in the Flesh.

<sup>2</sup>  
The Annunciation of the  
Blessed Virgin, and her  
*Magnificat.*

<sup>3</sup>  
Our Saviours Incarnation,  
and Birth.

<sup>4</sup>  
The Relation of it by the  
Angell to the Shepherds.

<sup>5</sup>  
The Circumcision of CHRIST,  
with the imposition of the  
name of JESUS.

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Five Hymnes.

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Printed at London, by R.Y.  
MDCXXXVIII.

# THE TIME BE

FOR CHRIST'S COMING

AND THE END OF THE WORLD

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THE EPILOGUE

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MDCCLXXVII.





OF  
THE TIME BE-  
fore CHRIST'S com-  
ming in the Flesh.

---

*Hymne I.*

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1  
**O** Blessed, glorious Trinitie,  
The Father, Son, and Sp'rit divine,  
Of persons three sweet harmonie,  
One God in sacred threefold twine:

2  
Thou of thy bountie liberall,  
Thy goodnesse to communicate,  
Didst heav'n and earth, the sea and all,  
That therein is, at first create.

3  
But chiefly man above the rest,  
With speciall grace thou hast endu'd;  
And of thy creatures mad'st him best,  
After thine owne similitude.